

[**when it rains, it pours by orphan_account**](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Bisexual!Steve, Blowjobs, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, More tags as it continues, Period Typical Homophobia, Pining, absolutely no one edits this, and i am perfectly fine with that, bottom!billy, boys ignoring their feelings, gay!billy, i guess you could say billy is out of the closet ???, maybe myself on occasion??? but nah not really, mentions of nancy but just that steve is sad about her, top!steve

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

billy is tired of not getting any good dick in hawkins. steve is absolutely not gay. not even when he comes balls deep in billy's ass.

there is some emotional shit too, so watch out!

1. oh no, oh boy

Summary for the Chapter:

just a little introduction for ya

When Billy lived in California, he got around. At first, it was just with girls. He knew what he was supposed to do and he was good at it. Billy would grab their ass or tits as they made out, maybe stuck his fingers in them. But it never did anything for him, even as the girls came back begging for more.

In Billy's second year of high school, he started to get drunk and stop chasing after girls. He would clumsily push himself onto any guy that seemed slightly interested and convinced them to do a little something. Sometimes, a little something turned into a big something. Sometimes, Billy woke up the next morning, fully naked and all alone in the back of his car. One time, Billy woke up in his bedroom with a fully naked guy next to him. That time, Billy got caught.

Neil Hargrove was furious. He yelled and punched and moved them all the way to Hawkins, Indiana. As Neil got angrier, Billy got angrier.

In Hawkins, Billy lashed out - at everyone. He yelled and punched, too, but he wasn't able to move. He grew more and more frustrated at his situation. He couldn't surf, couldn't go off on his own and, most of all, he couldn't fuck who he wanted to fuck.

He tried to take girls on dates again, but nothing would work and he would just throw them out of his car, light up a cigarette and go home. None of these girls sparked enough interest in him for Billy to even continue speaking to them.

However, Steve Harrington interested Billy. Billy didn't really speak to anyone else. He would go up to Steve in the halls, on the court or in the showers and just pester him. He tried hard to get a rise out of him, to no prevail.

That was until the night at the Byers. Although all Steve did was throw a few punches, Billy saw that interest and pounced on it. He saw a way to leave a mark on Steve and went for it, nothing in his mind but chaos.

Because Billy was chaotic. He had so much in his mind and no idea when and how and where to get rid of it. He was in distress, crying and punching and yelling and kind of fucking - but not moving anywhere.

Steve was also chaotic, even if Billy didn't know it. He was filled with confusion and anger and tension, from everything with Nancy and the demogorgans. He seemed alright to everyone else, even to himself, but truly, he was about to explode from the internal tension. Steve couldn't stop moving, in his mind and hands and feet. His body was searching for something durastic and big - something freeing.

Notes for the Chapter:

more to come, my friends, more to come

2. just something to do

Summary for the Chapter:

billy and steve end up doing a little something something. what else is there to say.

Billy was two 30 second keg stands, a couple beers and negative one t-shirt in and to say the least, he was starting to feel *drunk*. Not just recklessly drunk, but a whole body fuzzy feeling.

Throughout the last three months Billy relearned that girls did nothing for him. He couldn't even get hard around them. Billy was kind about that, though. He would gently tell them it was him, not them, and then tell them to get out of his car once they recovered. Billy wasn't one to treat people like shit when sexually involved. He had enough of that back in California.

If Billy was horny when he was sober, then he was definitely lonely when he was drunk.

He went searching for someone at this party to help him feel a little less lonely. Maybe it was a coincidence or maybe it was because Steve was the only person Billy cared for in this town, but he found him.

"Hargrove, what do you want?" Steve said as Billy exited the front door and took a seat next to him on the front porch. It was freezing out, but Steve wore a coat and warmed his hands in his pockets. Billy, on the other hand, wore his open leather jacket as he froze in the chilling breeze. Billy was drunk, acting more recklessly than usual, while Steve was just buzzed.

"Oh, nothing, Harrington. Just thought I would come chat with my pal." Billy replied. He had this idea in his head that, maybe, if he kept acting like Steve and him were on good terms, they might just be.

So far, it was working. A month after their fight, Billy started approaching him more and more. As time went on, Steve would give him some time. They had a casual relationship. Billy needed more.

He always needed more.

"Aren't you cold?" Steve asked. He hated Billy, he did, but Steve felt like his bones were about to jump out of his body. He needed to do something, say anything.

"I'm fine. No one inside is at all interesting, anyway." Billy said. For a split second Billy regretted uttering those words before the alcohol numbed that thought.

"Oh, and I am?" Steve asked. He liked playing Billy's games recently. Or, rather, his own games. It was something to numb the constant tension he felt, something to distract his mind from the thoughts of Nancy and the demogorgans.

"Yeah, you and your sad smile. Why so sad, Harrington?" Billy asked, drawing out his words and leaning towards him.

Fuck it, he thought. Fuck it. Billy was lonely. Steve was interesting. Billy set out on the rest of the night with a goal in mind.

"I'm fine, Hargrove." Steve said, harshly. He could feel Billy closer to him. His aroma was full of alcohol and unpredictability. Steve hoped he wouldn't leave.

"Okay, Steve, okay." Billy said, followed by silence. It wasn't comfortable. Billy was searching for a way to get more out of him and Steve, well, he was searching for a way to keep playing.

"You heard of Guns N' Roses, Harrington?" Billy asked.

"Yeah, I've heard of Guns N' Roses. Who hasn't?" Steve asked. Billy thought it was fair, considering they only became big in the last year or two ago. None the less, he ignored Steve's comment.

"Man, I'd die to listen them right now. No one at this shitty fucking party has good taste in music." Billy said, leaning back against his seat.

Steve found his in - a way to keep Billy around him. Steve didn't know when he started wanting Billy around him.

The pair ended up in Steve's beemer parked two blocks down and around the corner, but the Guns N' Roses cassette never played. Once Billy got in, he started speaking before Steve could tell him where it was.

"So this is what the inside of Steve Harrington's car looks like," he said, spreading one hand out on the box between them. "It's very Steve Harrington."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Thanks," Steve replied dryly.

"Oh, no problem Steve. I'm happy to help. Anything to see a smile on your face," Billy smirked, leaning back. His head tilted to the side, giving him a view of Steve.

"Okay, Billy, okay." Steve mocked him. Silence settled around them and Steve realized he didn't know what he was doing.

Billy knew exactly what he was doing, as the loneliness and chaos controlled his body. As he looked at Steve in his drunken haze, his pants were starting to tighten. "Fuck," he mumbled, eyes closing as he used his palm to put pressure on his cock. Much to Billy's dismay, Steve didn't notice.

"When was the last time some bitch sucked your cock, Harrington?" Billy asked. Steve's eyebrows furrowed. It was locked room talk, but at this point, Steve didn't care.

"Uh, I don't know, man. It's been a bit." Steve replied, tightening his hands on the wheel. Really, it had been since Nancy, but Steve didn't want to think about that.

"You know, Harrington." He paused. This was daring, even for Billy, but he was lonely and missed the feel of being full from a dick. "If you ever need a bitch to suck your cock, I'm all yours."

Much to Steve's surprise, his dick was starting to get hard. He told himself it was just because he might get his dick sucked, not because

of Billy. He wanted Billy's chaos, though, and if this was Billy's chaos, then this was what he wanted. He wouldn't admit that, though, not even to himself.

Steve sighed. He undid the top button of his jeans and then the zipper. He massaged his dick through his boxers for a couple seconds before sliding it out and fisting around it for a few seconds. He was interrupted by Billy's hand removing Steve's and immediately replacing it with his mouth. Steve lightly placed one his hands on the top of Billy's head, lighting dragging them through the mop of blonde hair every so often, while the other hand rests on top of Billy's lower back.

Billy didn't want to fuck this up. Steve's dick was so long and so thick and, fuck, Billy could just imagine it in his ass. Steve would open him up so good with his dick. So, Billy licked and sucked with everything he had as Steve told himself this was just something to do.

This was the first time Billy had sucked dick in three months, since he moved to Hawkins. He missed it. He missed the sound of a man moaning because of him. He missed the solidity and thickness of a dick in his mouth (or wherever he could get it). He missed the feeling of hands in his hair, pushing him further and further down.

Steve had never gotten a blow job like this. With all the girls, they would suck the tip but have to put their hands around the base. He thought it was kind of endearing when they did that. Now, though, Billy had swallowed his entire cock and started chocking on it. Steve let go of his hair, giving Billy the option to lighten up. Billy didn't take it.

As Billy continued, he felt a lot of arousal himself. His dick was becoming quite hard and neglected. He brought one hand under his body to palm at it. He was getting increasingly hard and increasingly loud. This time, he kept a constant motion on his dick.

Steve had been pretty silent at the beginning, breathe heavy and small moans. As Steve's moans got louder and closer to climax, Billy did too. He forced himself to choke on his dick like his life depended on it.

Without much warning for either of them, Steve came down Billy's throat. As Billy swallowed, cum spilled into his own jeans. It was uncomfortable, but Billy didn't mind.

Fuck, he thought, it had been so long.

"I gotta go," Steve said suddenly as he zipped up his jeans and did up the top button.

"Oh, uh, yeah." Billy muttered as he ran his fingers through his hair. Cum was starting to dry in his jeans. He opened the door, stepped out and shut it behind him right away. As he started walking in the direction of his own car, of which he knew he was too drunk to drive, he heard Steve's beemer peel away from the curb.

Notes for the Chapter:

this chapter ended up being pretty short and i
honestly have no clue why